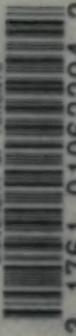


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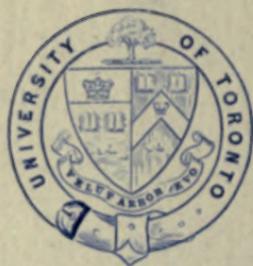


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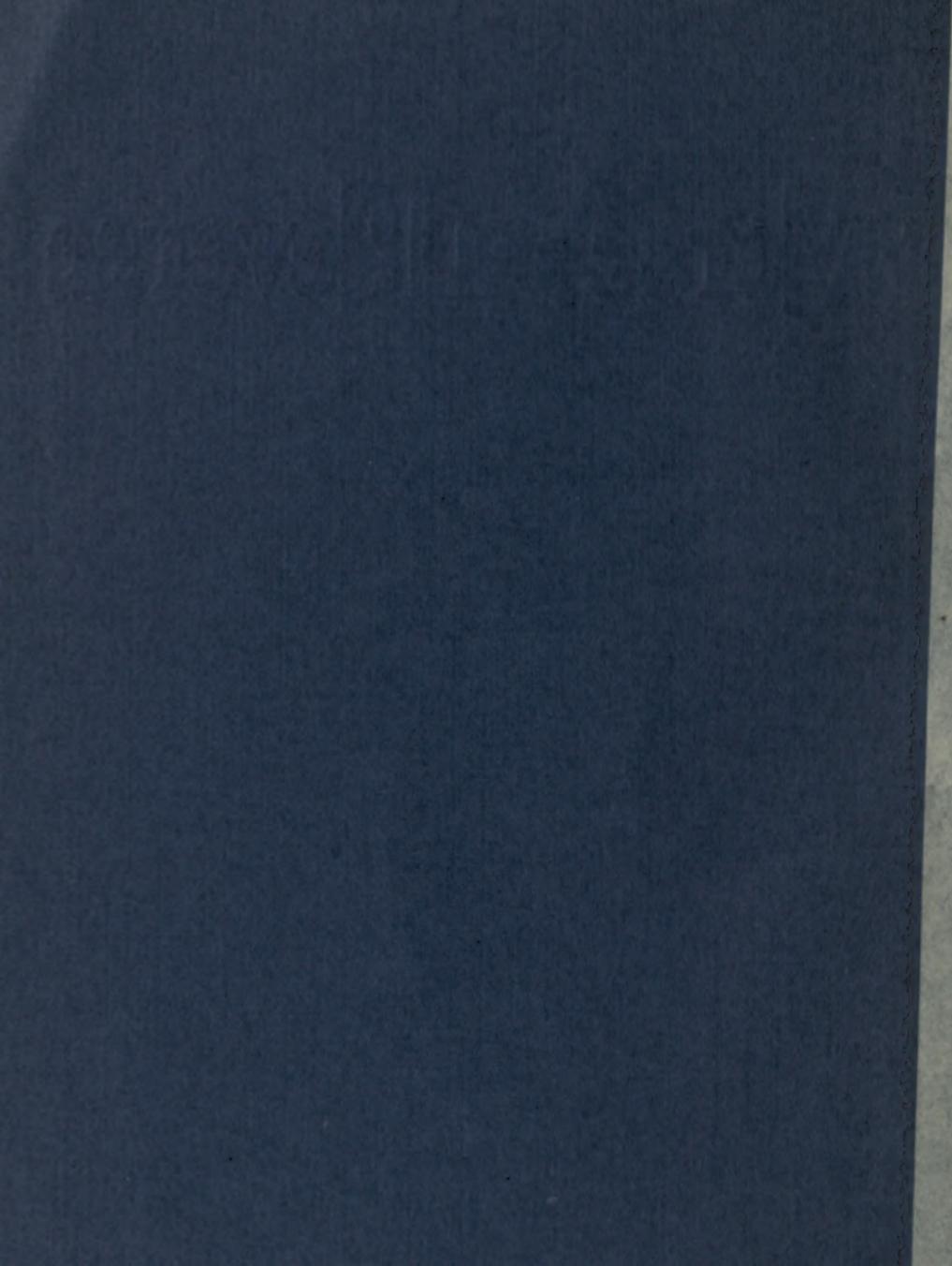


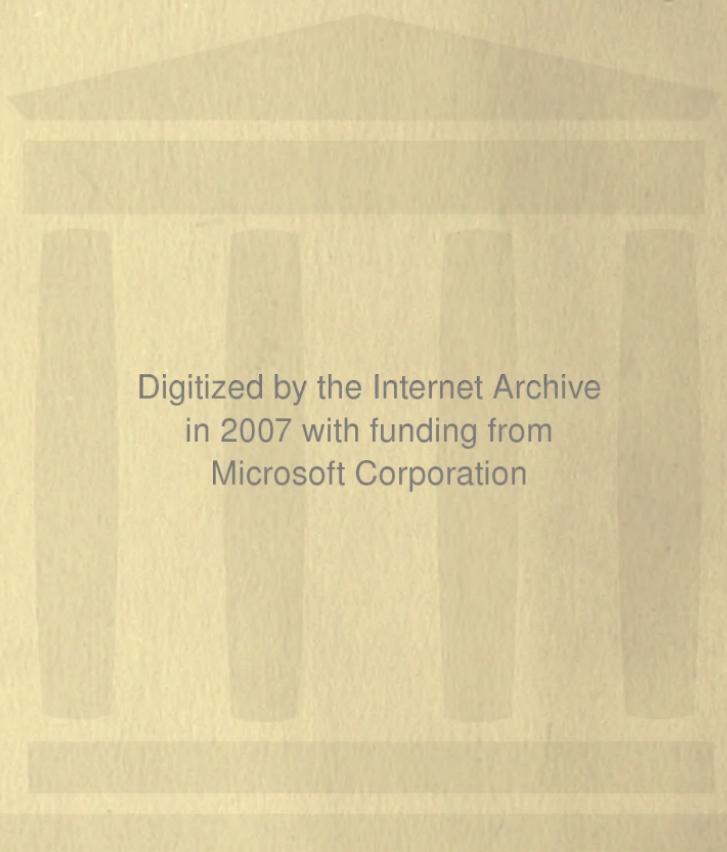
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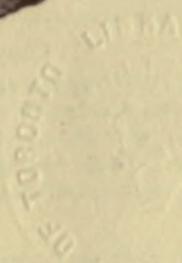


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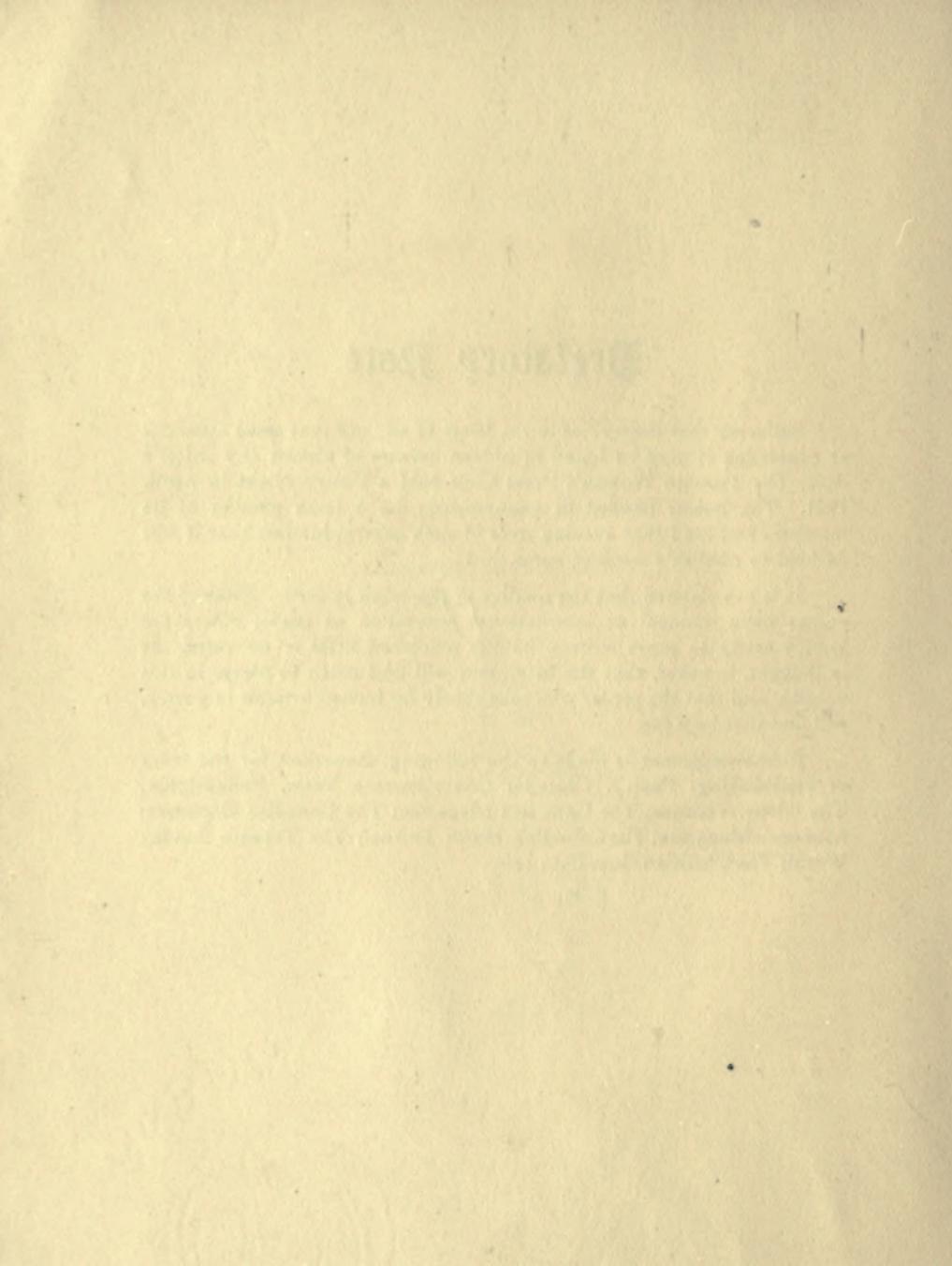
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Prefatory Note

Believing that poetry lies in the heart of all, and that some attempts at expressing it may be found in hidden corners of almost any writer's desk, The Toronto Women's Press Club held a Poetry Night in April, 1921. The poems handed in anonymously by a large number of its members and read that evening were of such general interest that it was decided to publish a book of verse.

It is not claimed that the quality of this work is even. Some of the names have national or international reputation as poets; others are known solely as prose writers, having published little or no verse. It is thought, however, that the litterateur will find much to please in this volume, and that the reader who asks chiefly for human interest in poetry, will find that here too.

Acknowledgment is made to the following magazines for the favor of republishing: Poetry, Chicago; Contemporary Verse, Philadelphia; The Globe, Toronto; The Canadian Magazine; The Canadian Bookman; Munsey's Magazine; The Canadian Home Journal; The Toronto Sunday World; The Christian Guardian; Life.



Authors' Index

| | PAGE |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| Black, Florence Deacon | 17, 46 |
| Blewett, Jean | 10, 41 |
| Burkholder, Mabel | 30 |
| Butcher, Annie Gray | 20 |
| Cherry, Myrtle Leeta | 18, 44 |
| Coyne, Virginia | 12, 37 |
| Donnelly, Clare Shipman | 19 |
| Egerton, Helen Merrill | 14 |
| Graham, Jean | 8, 19 |
| Hale, Katherine | 7, 38 |
| Harrison, S. Frances (Seranus) | 15 |
| Hill, Maude Petitt | 36 |
| Hoskin, Margaret | 34, 38 |
| Houston, Mary Isabel | 26 |
| Kerr, Estelle M. | 21 |
| Leveridge, Lilian | 35, 42 |
| Livesay, Florence Randal | 13, 45 |
| Merrill, Anne | 33 |
| Montgomery, L. M. | 16, 29 |
| Muir, Norma Phillips | 36 |
| Ringland, Mabel Crews | 24 |
| Rorke, Louise Richardson | 40, 43 |
| Sharman, Lyon | 27, 47 |
| Sheard, Verna | 9, 39 |
| Smith, Dora | 23 |
| Steiner, Florence | 22 |
| Storey, Charlotte M. | 28 |
| Weaver, Emily P. | 25 |
| Wilson, Anne Elizabeth | 10, 31 |
| Whitton, Charlotte | 11, 32 |



Pablowa Dancing

Footsteps of youth through the springtime playing;
Footfalls of snow in a blue mist straying;
The rose of Russia in a bright wind swaying;—
A rose of fire and snow.

Voices chanting everywhere and no word said;
Fairy bells from ancient towers signalling the dead;
Light love tuning viols while the dance runs red—
A flaming dance of death.

White barbaric winters and a sky star-strung;
All the hidden pathways all the songs unsung
Caught in flying footsteps over wild music hung,
She dances—and the Czar lies dead.

O the cries and martyrdoms and fatal morns.
Scarlet nights and fiery wine and bitter scorns.
Dancing in a rose of joy from a field of thorns—
Rapture from a land of thorns.

—KATHERINE HALE

Potpourri

The cool fresh scent of lavender
Enfolds the twilight air;
And from the dust of violets
There drifts a perfume rare.
The crumpled rose-leaves seem to stir
And tenderly uncurl—
Ah, long and long ago they bloomed
When Grandma was a girl.

Across the gleaming firelit floor
The shadows come and go,
The ghosts of maids and gallants gay
Who tripped it to and fro,
In those dim days of sturdy coach
And curls and fluttering fan,
When Grandma gave with blushes deep
Three waltzes to one man.

There comes the swish of silken skirts,
The rush of flying feet—
Ah, Youth and Gayety of old,
Your very dust is sweet.
The firelight dies, the dance is o'er,
The old blue jar I see—
Then gently falls the lid again
Upon the potpourri.

—JEAN GRAHAM

The Vanished

I grieve to think the little gods have vanished—
The half-gods with the vine-leaves in their hair,—
I sorrow much the goat-foot Pan is banished,
And that the Dryads are not anywhere.

The shrine of Flora has no need of flowers,—
Diana seeks her arrows in the sky;
Apollo's beauty was a thing of hours—
And Artemis, herself, learned how to die.

I think Endymion released from sleeping,
Walks through the star-dust at the heaven's rim;
For he is gone—though still the moon is keeping
Her tireless and beloved watch for him.

On river banks the purple grapes are growing,
But Bacchus and his merry train have passed;
Where are the little Fauns—I would be knowing?
In all the world who heard and saw them last?

If but the small gray elfs were only straying,
Where shadows lace the golden forest ways,
What joy to meet them, and be long delaying
The endless tasks that fill the working days!

I grieve to think the little gods have vanished—
The half-gods with the vine-leaves in their hair,—
I sorrow much the goat-foot Pan is banished,
And that the Dryads are not anywhere.

—VIRNA SHEARD

The Sweet Lady

She is so gay—
Such easy sweetness falls away
From her! Her words are simple as a little wind
That sings all day.
Such lazy kindness she spreads about,
As thoughtless as her hands that twine
And turn their pink palms in and out.
Such loving weariness has she
Of giving sweetness forth unthinkingly,
That she is almost sad—still smiling sad,
Tired with her all unknowing ministry.

—ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

Wake-Song of Coleraine

Life was a pain, but life is o'er—
Sleep ye softly, Mavourneen!
Love was a hurt, but love's no more—
Rest ye, rest ye, Mavourneen!
Out slips the tide all silvery white,
Sleep ye softly, Mavourneen,
Nor life nor love can hurt ye to-night.
Rest ye, rest ye, Mavourneen!

—JEAN BLEWETT

Old Houses

Rags and bottles and bones!
Bones and bottles and rags!
And my old brass knocker groans,
At the touch of the pedlar hags.

Skirts of green were my birthright,
Oaken rafters my frame,
Bowers of mine held the twilight,
Governors courted my name.

My elm tree cast its shadow
When Simcoe's train went by;
My gables lit to the dawning,
Ere Brock rode forth to die.

My portal lions are melted;
My sheltering gates reft down;
My high grove gave its timbers,
To build the old York town.

And here, amid the junk heaps,
I wait the wreckers' hands,
To home my gallant company
Who dwell in other lands.

Rags and bottles and bones!
Bones and bottles and rags!
Servants are we of all things:
And fool, the man who brags.

—CHARLOTTE WHITTON

The Inseparable Ones

When I look at water,
Sliding in grass-bound stream, chuckling over pebbles,
Hurtling in rapids through some narrow gorge,
Or grinding helter-skelter on a shaly beach—

When I look at water
Talking with moist tongues within cool, weedy caves,
Creeping in sombre black beneath tall cliffs,
Or leaping in silver and pearl embroideries adown the
glistening rocks into the lake—

I always think of trees,
Of many trees, moving and singing all together:—
Birches, cedars, surging of elm branches,
Swishing of oak leaves, the low-voiced pines,
And the bewildering, lapping sounds of twinkling poplars.

When I look at water I always think of trees;
Yet, now that I have left them all behind—
The waterfalls, the lakes, the amber-tinted rivers—
Back in the asphalt street with its two lines of dusty maples,
I listen to the breeze dancing among their branches,
And, closing my eyes, think they are waters—calling.

—VIRGINIA COYNE

Gold Ladies

(Fifty years agone painted on Chinese Parchment)

*"Ready or not, you must be caught,
Hiding around the goal or not!"*

The children shout in Hide-and-Seek:
The dainty ladies, jewel-bright,
In robes of flame and gold bedight
With parted lips would seem to speak:

"Playmates, we hid so near our goal—
Our old gay life—O days all spent!
Unready were we when we went
Trapped unawares, with frightened soul.

" 'Home free!' Who's free? How vain a thought!
Gold Ladies (so you call us, dears,)
Play Hide-and-Seek adown all years.
We—such as we—are always—'Caught!'"

*"Ready or not, ready or not. . . .
Hiding around the goal or not. . . ."*

—FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

Where No Land Lies

Where no land lies,
Far out under the cloudy skies,
Alone, adrift—
A sapphire gleam in a quiet rift,
The monotonous flow
Of waves which gather, and comb, and go
On forever.

Where no land lies,
Far off a lonely sea-gull cries,
And clouds come down
On my hair all flowing, and cool, and brown,
And in my face
The slanting rain drops drive apace,
Ever and ever.

Where no land lies,
And only the screaming sea-gull flies,
Alone, all day
The dull sea waste is my chosen way;
In wind and rain
I dream mine olden dreams again,
Ever a part
Of the wilding sea's lone, passionate heart;
In rain and wind
An idle ecstasy I find,
Where only the lonely sea-gull cries,
Where no land lies.

—HELEN MERRILL EGERTON

Topaz

The eyes of cats, huge cats, in the deepest lair
Of the deepest jungle; the eyes of unblinking birds;
The red-brown fox; all roan and russet herds;
An autumn wood flooded with golden glare;
All pebbled brooks; all flasks of amber wine;
Wings of a butterfly, the "Queen of Spain";
The cloth of gold of some great princess' train;
The burnished copper of some secret shrine;
All these lie pictured in a limpid pool
Of glowing bronze, a Rajah's rich bequest,
The gems themselves, lying flat and smooth and cool
In rows upon the honey-colored breast
Of one whose charms the world may never know,
Whose home is in the dim seraglio.

—S. FRANCES HARRISON
(*Seranus*)

Amethyst

Shadows of distant pines outlined aloft
Against the blue of some bright summer sky;
Veins in a delicate eyelid, or the eye
Itself, an Irish eye, of violet soft;
Tips of proud thistles, purple after raining;
Throat of the pigeon, the harebell's timid spire;
Edges of sunset cloud when skies are waning
To a pale brightness from a field of fire,
All these caught up, commingled, reappear
In one deep lake of Amethyst unpriced.
Jewel auspicious, worn in winter sere,
For thy dear sake are gladly sacrificed
The richer emblems of a season tender,
The gayer gems that wait on Summer's splendour.

—S. FRANCES HARRISON
(*Seranus*)

Winter Song

Fast to-night the frost is holding over all the world we know,
Fields we loved are grim and barren underneath the woven
snow,

And our forest, palled in purple, seems far less a friend than
foe.

But at twilight we foregather by the red and purring flame,
Springtime long ago forsaken, summer but a golden name,
By the hearth, as in the woodland, comradeship remains the
same.

Gone the violet of the valley, gone the rose and daffodil,
Song has left our hills of roaming very lonely, very still,
Secret glens have ceased to call us and our river's voice is still.
But our shabby books are with us and our dreams are never
o'er,

On the gloom of stark midwinter we will shut our sturdy door,
At our own fireside the love-light burns and beckons ever
more.

—L. M. MONTGOMERY

The Mullein

High on the crest of a lonely hill
A tall young mullein grew
Yearning to touch with yellow tip
The cloud-decked roof of blue.

It might have bent towards purple woods
And red-gold harvest-fields,
Or far faint hills or misted lake,
Delights earth-beauty yields.

But though it grew a foot or more
Beyond the height of man
Its earnest aim it could not reach
Within the summer span.

The architect who first divined
The spirit-force of spires
Must first have scanned the mullein's form
And felt its high desires.

—FLORENCE DEACON BLACK

Compensation

I who so love the harmonies of sound:—
The gentle murmur of the waves upon the sand,
The wailing shriek of wind across the barren land,
The shrill cicada crying out the heat of noon,
The eerie laugh, across the lake, of startled loon,
Soft strains of music, crooning sweet and low,
The little sounds that follow sunset's afterglow,
Gay voices chattering, laughter overheard,
A trilling cadence, falling from a soaring bird,—
Have only silence, wherein sound is drowned.

Yet, recompense there is for me,—
For though my silence is dark, velvet-deep,
A cavern where sounds enter but to sleep;
A dark abyss, where never echo lies,
Yet can I see the lovelight in your eyes,
Your slender fingers as they talk to me!
Brave Heart! You are the very Soul of me.
No longer will I cry that life is pain,
I will be brave, and play the man again.
I am content, for I can see!

—MYRTLE LEETA CHERRY

Northern Lights

A shimmer of rose that shakes the soul,
A gleam of blue, ice-cold;
And high above where the skies unroll,
A quivering shaft of gold.

A sudden dance of a thousand lights,
An up-flung banner of red;
The sweeping silence of northern nights:
"The search-lights of God," you said.

—CLARE SHIPMAN DONNELLY

Theft

In the golden summer-time
Molly stole my heart from me;
Now she glories in the crime,
Calls it petty larceny.

—JEAN GRAHAM

The Two Loves

Young Love laughed and sang with me
All the summer day;
Tossed me flowers in perfumed showers,
And sped the time away,
Till aweary of the game
Tired I grew, and wan,
On my face pain set its trace,
Love saw it and was gone.

True Love questing through the night
Found me faint and cold,
Gently spoke and doffed his cloak,
And wrapped me in its fold,
Wined my blood with sweet caress—
Kissed my silvered hair,
Looked to see the soul of me,
And deemed it young and fair.

—ANNIE GRAY BUTCHER

A Child's Dream

Throughout the nights of hot July
Upon the balcony I lie,
And there the starry sky is spread
A canopy above my bed.
The sky is dark—a bluey gray—
The stars are bright as bits of day,
They look like daisies on the green
With smaller blossoms in between,
And where I see a big bouquet
I know that is the Milky Way.

One night I dreamt I upward flew
Straight as a skylark through the blue;
Far down the "Milky Way" I slipped
And Nectar from the "dipper" sipped,
I pulled a comet's tail, and there
I saw the Great and Little Bear!
I could not fly, I shook and quaked;
"Twas very lucky I awaked
And found the sun was overhead,
While all the little stars had fled.

—ESTELLE M. KERR

Mother Colors

My mother's just like a rainbow
And I wish that you could see
The different colors that she shows
To a little boy like me.

When I was bad the other day
She looked like purple dark,
And sent me off to bed to stay—
I tell you, that's no lark.

But if I'm full of laughs and fun
My mother shines so bright
She is all yellow like the sun
Or the big moon at night.

The time I fell and hurt my head
She hugged and kissed me too,
I thought her like the roses red
That in our garden grew.

Often we walk through field or park,
And talk of what we've seen,
Then mother dear's so fresh and sweet
Just like the springtime green.

But oh! I love her best of all
When she's put out the light
And whispers low "God bless my son"—
Why she seems softest white.

—FLORENCE STEINER

The Airman

If I were that Airman
Way up in the sky
I'd shoot past the birdies
And call to them, "Hi!
You're not the only folks
Who can fly!"
—If I were that Airman
Way up in the sky.

—DORA SMITH

The Snowman

Mister Snowman, you can't help
Being very fat,
But if you had an eye for style,
You wouldn't wear
That hat!

—DORA SMITH

Only Three

I wonder why the water in
The lake's so very blue,
And yet it isn't in my cup;
I can't see why, do you?

I wonder where the big clouds go
And where they get the rain,
And how Jack Frost draws pictures on
'Most every window pane.

And why my mother loves me when
I'm naughty as can be,
Oh, dear, there's lots to wonder at,
When you are only three!

—MABEL CREWS RINGLAND

In the Dark

Don't make it light!
Who's afraid of night?
I want to watch the star
That's up so very far.

Don't make it light!
It's just at night
That I can see the moon.
She hides away at noon.

Don't make it light!
It'll spoil the night
And frighten all away
The dreams that come to play.

Don't make it light!
I love the night.
When my mother comes, you see,
In the dark she'll know it's me.

She'll just stoop and find my face,
Kiss my nose or any place.

—EMILY P. WEAVER

The Sandman

Do you hear the Sandman's footstep
Outside the nursery door?
Do you see his shadow creeping
Along the nursery floor?
Do you think that he would notice
A pair of sparkling eyes
If he came along some evening
And took us by surprise?

And if he did, why bless us,
Do you think he'd let them stay
A-sparkling and a-twinkling
In that very wakeful way?
No, so quick you couldn't see him
He would dive into his pouch,
And before you even knew it
You'd be dreaming on the couch

So when next you hear his footsteps
Or you guess that he is near,
Just as quick as you are able
Hop right into bed, my dear;
For one never knows the moment
That he'll catch you unawares,
And it is so hard, when sleepy,
To go climbing up the stairs.

—MARY ISABEL HOUSTON

One Tree

If God had only made one tree
As beautiful as millions be,
All the world would come to see
That tall and trembling tree.

Birds would come on every wind,
Animals, and all mankind;
Every creature not stone-blind
That tree somehow would find.

In moods of doubt that come to me,
When I sadly wish to be
Something better than you see,
I dream I am a tree.

I strike my roots into a hill,
A century with growth fulfill,
That man and beast may feel a thrill
At a big tree standing still.

—LYON SHARMAN

The Nonagenarian

In her chair by the window she sits,
And watches the throng go by;
But the people she sees, with her age-dimmed eyes,
Are those who passed long since.

Like the foam on the wave is her hair,
And all that is left of her youth
Is the bloom on her cheek and the smile on her lip—
The gifts of a life well lived.

She blows them a kiss from her hand,
And nods and smiles as they greet,
But the people she sees, with her age-dimmed eyes
Are those who passed long since.

—CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

The Gate of Dream

I seek a little hidden gate
That will swing wide to me—
Haply beneath a sunset-cloud,
Or moonrise wizardry,
Or in some winking vale of noon
And shadow I may find it soon.

A star-like moth may be my guide
Where dear, dim pathways run,
Or a sweet something beckon me,
Fragrance and song in one;
Or a west wind may pipe me on
To it in some pale amber dawn.

Beside it blooms a single rose
By dews ambrosial fed;
Some say it is all ivory white
But I know it is red,
And Memory fond and Hope elate
Are the twin warders of the gate.

Beyond it in the crystal sky
My Spanish castle towers,
And all the ways are garlanded
With my ungathered flowers;
While haunting music faintly sings
Of exquisite, immortal things.

Some halcyon days I never lived
Are waiting there for me,
And laughter that I somehow missed
Echoes elusively;
O poignant quest! O lure supreme!
When shall I find my gate of dream?

—L. M. MONTGOMERY

She Sleeps

This was once a field of clover,
Nodding daisies, swinging stalks;
Butterflies careening over
Paths where fragrant summer walks:
Gloom upon the meadow lingers,
Since the day she went away,
Folded now the daisy fingers,
Chalices of tears are they.

Sighing winds repeat the story,
"She is sleeping! Wait you yet?
Dead is all the former glory,
Go your way! Forget, forget!"

In this place the birds held revel,
Filling it with happy sound,
From the pasture's sunny level
To the wooded hills around;
Now their notes, when night is falling,
Stir my heart with wild regret;
Voices everywhere are calling,
"She is sleeping! Wait you yet?"

Oh, the memories! Oh, the story
Of those times when first we met!
Days of gladness, days of glory!
Would I—if I could—forget?

—MABEL BURKHOLDER

Four Walls

Four walls that close me in,
And you, beloved, without!
They are most bleak and empty then
And I am sick with doubt
If they are gay enough for you
With my poor garlands hung about.

Four walls—and you within!
Ah love, they make a place
Of gold and incense
And the light upon your face
Warms me like a living sun
And fills my humbleness with grace.

—ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

A Ward Prayer

Heat from the asphalt pavement,
And flies in its syrupy pools,
The stench of the gutter sluices,
The wheeze of labouring mules,
A ribbed, gray tom-cat's mewing,
The crunch of the street-gang's tools!

House-faces sheer on the road-line,
With meat, or fruit, or fowl,
And cow heads heaped in a yard-way
Whence rings the ragman's howl,
A shapeless mass of a woman
And a child with an old man's jowl

Tony, and Sally and Rosie,
Ivan and Ikey and Zack
Isey, and Chong and Josie,
Patrick and Donald and Jack,
These be their great Dominion!
These, and the sign-covered shack.

No stretches of Russian plateaus,
Nor Isles of the British seas,
Nor Greece, and the Roman marshes,
Nor Israel's cypress trees.
Blood of David and Arthur,
Of Caesar, Miltiades,
May the God of the Word's dark places,
Brother the souls of these!

—CHARLOTTE WHITTON

The Wounded Mohawk

My heart sings of thee all day,
O thou of the wonderful hands,
That heal where they touch hurt, dying things.

Underneath my body of death
You folded your strong white arms
And lifted me out of the dark, the terrible dark.

I was so cold. . . . You held me
Throbbingly close, till warmth
And life came quivering back. . . .
Do you remember?

In your eyes was shining a light—
A wonderful light; so, not to be blind,
I shaded my sight with my poor thin arm.

Oh Niyoh!* . . . To lie like that
Always, hiding my eyes from the light,
In those arms that would not let me sink again
into the darkness.

*Niyoh is the Mohawk word for God.

—ANNE MERRILL

Song and Melody

Silver Moon, silver Moon, through thy silver night,
Sawest thou a tiny bird wing its flight?
Silver dipped its fluttering wings to the silver sea.
Silver Breezes! Silver Breezes! Bear it back to me.

Silver Star, silver Star, through thy silver night,
Sawest thou a silver Dream take its flight?
Sailing o'er the silver waves, riding high and low.
Silver Breezes! Silver Breezes! Do not let it go.

Silver Bird and silver Dream.
Song—and Melody,
Through silver night, 'neath silver Stars,
They escaped from me.

—MARGARET HOSKIN

Work and Play

Oh, for the boon of one long summer day,
My own, my very own!" I said, and sighed.
With happy heart I'd put my work away;
Then, like a child, I'd wander out to play,
And Joy and I would journey far and wide.

"We'd find, perchance, a field of buckwheat flowers,
All honey-sweet and murmurous with bees.
There, 'neath a sky washed blue by twinkling showers,
We'd lie and dream away the fragrant hours
In luxury of indolence and ease.

"Through gates of story-land we'd travel far,
Where noble knight and lovely lady dwells,
Where shining mountains of achievement are,
And vales of quiet 'neath the twilight star,
Where lyric laughter rings like silver bells."

A letter came from far across the sea,
Penned by a faltering hand, once firm and bold;
Its passioned pain of longing startled me—
"Oh! what a joy one good day's work would be,
With strength, a gift more excellent than gold!"

So now, with thankful heart and willing hand
I labor till the golden hours are spent:
For toil has many a gate to fairyland,
And they may enter in who understand
The blessedness of health and sweet content.

—LILIAN LEVERIDGE

At the Turn of the Road

There's a change of luck at the turn of the road,
A pot of gold, a lighter load,
The end of parting, and tears and pain,
With sunshine breaking through clouds and rain—
At the turn of the road.

At the bend of the road lurk violets sweet,
A green-sward path for the weary feet,
A new life started—a journey's end,
And the trusting love of a dear, dear friend—
At the turn of the road.

—NORMA PHILLIPS MUIR

Sunset

Twilight, bird's call,
Reddens the West,
Scarlet, a silent sea
Beneath its breast.

Mast light, lamb's cry,
Darkens the West
Pilloved on purple tide—
A World at rest.

—MAUDE PETITT HILL

Music

There is a little tune
Ever humming in my head
As silver as the moon,
As slender as a thread,
As binding as a spell,
As clear as running rill,
As distant as a bell
Upon a windy hill,
As eerie as the loon
Who sends his mystic cry
Across the still lagoon
Whereon black shadows lie.
When first he smiled at me
It rose up from my heart,
So true and good is he
It will not soon depart;
And now from dawn till noon,
From noon till night is sped,
There is a little tune
Ever humming in my head.

—VIRGINIA COYNE

1920

For every battle let us give a dance!
For every soldier's soul a gauzy thought,
And like a painted top in misty chance
Let us spin on—forgetful that we fought.

These are the days of fans and gorgeous gowns,
Emoluments of which the war was fee.
Push back those ghosts from fields and Flemish towns,
And let us worship only what we see!

—KATHERINE HALE

You Make Me Think

Of golden sun on golden corn,
And Mignonette;
The soft, cool fragrance of the twilight hours
When winds forget
To hurry and to scurry, as by day they oftentimes do.
You make me dream that love was born, for you—
Just you.

—MARGARET HOSKIN

The Bridge of Dreams

The thought of thee is like a swinging tune,
A gay and swinging tune I seem to hear;
The thought of thee is like the breeze of June
Blowing across the winter of the year!

The thought of thee is like a golden star
Set all alone within the midnight blue;—
A heaven-lit candle shining from afar
Upon the road that we are passing through.

The thought of thee is like the woods in spring.
With silver-grey and silver-green o'erset;
The thought of thee is what the four winds bring
Over the banks of wild-blown mignonette.

And all the music of the twilight sea,
Echoes thy voice in tender undertone;
The sea-gulls seem but grey-winged thoughts of thee,
Caught on the salted wind and homeward blown!

God keeps the secret of His heaven well,—
But Azrael finds its gates, where'er they be;
And from the earth, to fields of Asphodel,
I build a bridge of dreams, and cross to thee.

—VIRNA SHEARD

Love

Love is just a game for children,
Just for grown-up girls and boys;
Sure, 'tis but another plaything
When they've left their childish toys
And 'tis you and I that know it,
Looking on with older eyes;—
Love is just a game for children,—
Yet 'tis sad to be so wise.

Love is just an idle fancy;
'Tis a tale in leisure told;
'Tis a fairy road that reaches
To the rainbow's pot of gold.
We're too busy for such dreaming,
Life has such brave things to do,—
Yet, though love's an idle fancy,
Don't you, sometimes, wish 'twere true?

—LOUISE RICHARDSON RORKE

The Wife

I've tied a ribbon in my hair just where the two roads meet.
I'm none so clever or so fair, but John must find me neat.
I've laid the china plates, no less, put posies on the board,
Brought damask linen from the press where it has long been
stored,

Spared nothing, —long has he been gone in places far away—
He's coming home, my own guid-mon, he's coming home
to-day!

His great arm chair, my rocker small, both hug the inglenook,
Here in their old familiar place I've laid his pipe and book;
And when the firelight's cheery song roars up the chimney
wide,

And dusk comes creeping in the world we'll sit here side by
side;

My hand he'll hold fast in his own, and ah! my heart will
thrill—

When John and I are by our lone he is my lover still.

So warm, so soft, the shadows fall on us and our content.
The while I tell the guid-mon all that's happened since he
went.

He's coming home, and all the while I work, or sing, or pray,
"He's coming home to-day!"

—JEAN BLEWETT

I Shall Be Beautiful

I shall be beautiful some far-off day,

And eyes of love will look and find me fair;
For in my soul, flower-sweet and angel-pure,

Will blossom every secret, silent prayer
For beauty, which I may not yet attain,
But only love and seek with longing pain.

Love graciously will grant my heart's desire,
Upon my brows will bind hope's immortelles;

And I shall be at one with bud and bloom

That grace the sunny hills and dewy dells
On yon far shore where all the year is spring
And singing birds are ever on the wing.

O heart of mine! Though storms beat fierce and wild,
Turn thee not back. Thou shalt win safely through,
For love immortal leads thee by the hand.

Some sweet spring dawn thou shalt be all made new:
And out of mists and clouds that gloom the night
Shalt pass to regions of undreamed delight.

—LILIAN LEVERIDGE

Prayer for a Little Cottage

God of the restless, changing winds,
And the high clouds that roam,
And drifting aimless wraiths of mist,
Grant us here a home.

God of the strong and sweeping winds,
And of keen, mounting fires,
And swift wings beating to the blue,
Grant us brave desires.

God of the lightning running free,
And the loud thunder's song,
And all the splendid, storm-swept world,
Grant us to be strong.

God of the depths of star-lit night,
And the tall, whispering trees,
And fields of asters drenched with rain,
Grant us steadfast peace.

God of the sunrise barred with gold,
And the broad fields of dew,
And far roads reaching to the world,
Grant us work to do.

God of our garden's ordered grace,
Of its hedge flowers a-foam,
And of our hearth-fire's gleam and gloom,
Grant us here a home.

—LOUISE RICHARDSON RORKE

Gray Buildings in the Rain

So still the tall gray buildings stand,
Like cloistered nuns in an alien land!
Chill falls the rain in dull gray sheets,
That drop like tears on the silent streets.
And the buildings gray, that have held all day
The motley throng who must make their way,
Patient they rest in the shrouding rain,
Till morning comes with its cares again.

Little care they for the lives they hold,
The restless hearts that struggle for gold;
But pawns they are in the mixed-up game
That mortals play in their race for fame!
Yet, Romance buds in their tall gray walls,
And sometimes Love and Adventure calls
With voice so sweet that the lilting theme
Wakes the nuns from their cloistered dream.

'Tis then, I think, that their windows shine,
With glowing flame that is most divine,
And their smoke-plumes rise to the skies above
Like incense of old, to the God of Love!
But to-night the rain comes pouring down
Till it seems that the tall gray buildings frown,
And sigh, as they huddle, deserted and lone,
For the love of the day, that is sheltered at home.

—MYRTLE LEETA CHERRY

The Affianced

A haunting woman
Drifts by my bed,
Flits past my head,
Jeers in my dream.

She never leaves me—
When night is done
With glimpse of sun
Her tresses gleam.

Those wondrous tresses!
Those eyes ashine—
And he—loves mine?
Loves me—instead?

The haunting woman
Has known his kiss,
I know but this—
She is not dead.

—FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

Spring Comes

Spring comes—
But no well-acquainted faces
Smile out of windows
In the big, faded house.

Spring comes—
But no joy restores the graces
That once smiled from windows
In that old, forlorn house.

Spring's concern is all with new joys
Old joys Spring erases,
Scorns by-gone sorrows
Of that old, faded house.

But about those gaunt-eyed windows
When Spring comes,
I can still discover traces,
Tender, hallowed traces
Of old joys in that house.
Spring comes!

—FLORENCE DEACON BLACK

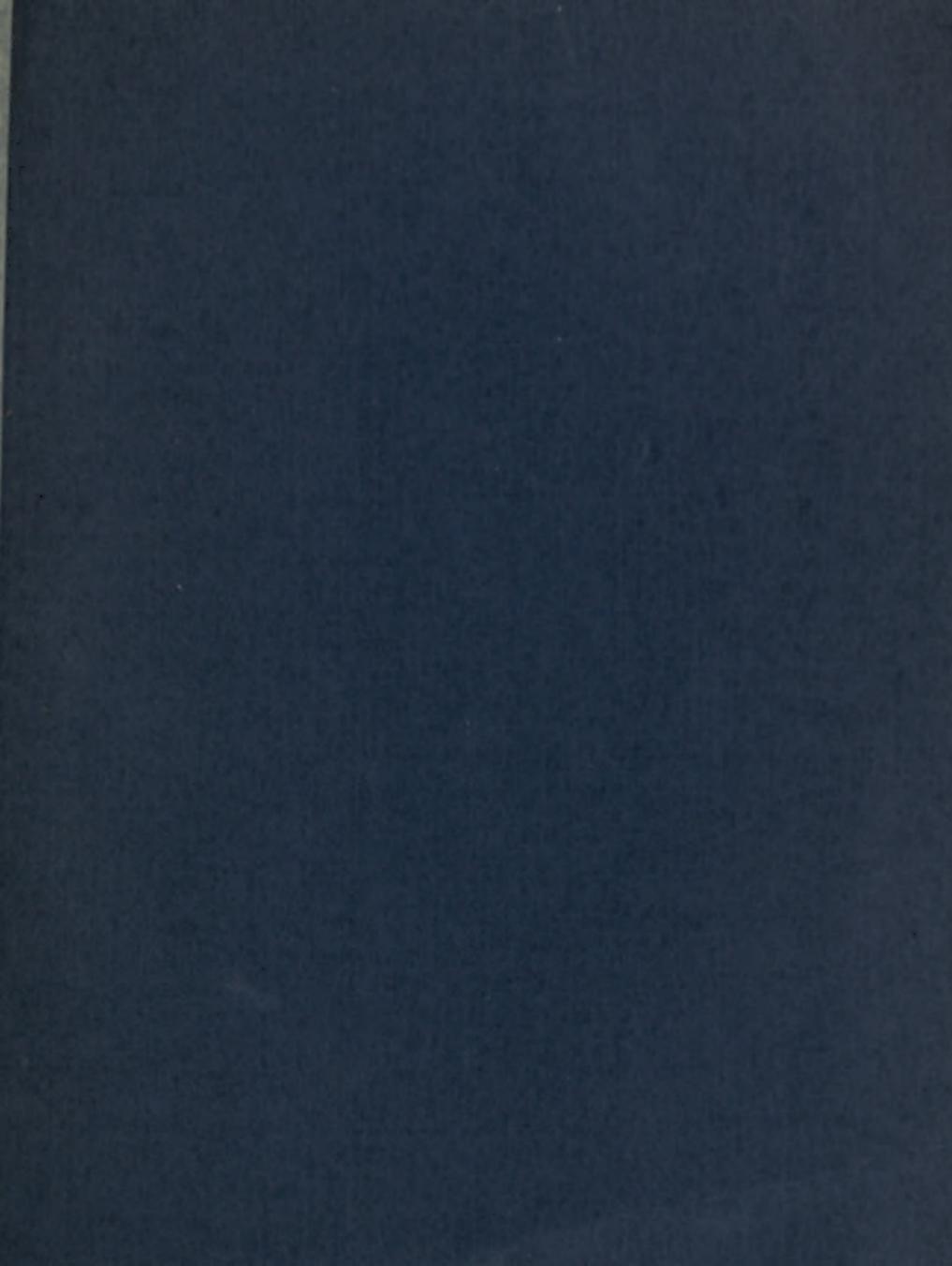
Blue in the Garden

Blue shall be always cherished in my garden:
From the first bright blue of the squills
To the blue of Michaelmas daisies,
And of shadowed snow-drifts.

O, blue of air-depths,
Blue of quiet lakes and smoothly flowing rivers,
Infinite shifting blues of the never-resting sea,
Blue of shadows and of misty places,
Smoke-blues and rock-blues,
Blues of distant mountains,
And of the hazy rim of prairies!

O, colour of mystery,
Colour of things far off,
Colour above my reach,
Blue ever alluring and elusive,
You shall be welcome to my garden!
Renew it with your elemental spirit!
Touch me in common with everything that grows!

—LYON SHARMAN



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